

## A. T. & S. F. Time Card.

Under the new schedule in effect December 13, first train leaves Santa Fe at 5:45 p. m., connecting at Lamy with train No. 1 at 6:15 p. m. No. 1 carries local passengers between Lamy and Albuquerque, and west of Albuquerque to California; this train also connects at Lamy with train No. 17, and carries passengers for Albuquerque and points south; connection is also made on this run with the Chicago Limited eastbound on Wednesdays and Saturdays; this train arrives at Santa Fe at 7 p. m.

Eastbound first train will leave Santa Fe at 9:40 p. m., returning arrive at Santa Fe at 11:45 p. m.; this train carries local passengers between El Paso and La Junta and has through sleepers to Kansas City; second train leaves Santa Fe at 12:15 a. m., this is a through train from California, and has through chair car and Pullman for Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo; No. 3, westbound California Limited leaves Santa Fe on Mondays and Friday at 8:50 a. m.; returning arrive at Santa Fe at 10:40; the Chicago and California Limited trains will only run twice a week each way until further notice.

## One Good Habit.

"Mrs. Clingstone is always talking about the bringing up of other people's children. Are her own so wonderful?" "Well, I know that her boy never goes out nights."

"Her boy? I never saw him."

"No. He is in the penitentiary."

## The Birth of the "Greater" New York.

With the dawn of the new year the "Greater" New York is ushered into the world a full grown giant. The problem of municipal government is to be put to the supreme test. Within its limits is contained a population equal to that of 13 of our sovereign states at our last census, and as numerous as that of the original 13 states. Provisions for the life and health of this vast multitude of all nations and climes is an unsolved enigma. Thousands of sufferers in New York and elsewhere are wrested from the grasp of that agonizing complaint, rheumatism, by the timely use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is a preventive of malaria and kidney complaint, and curative of liver complaint, constipation and nervousness.

**Toot.**  
"I was conveyed," related Love in speaking of it afterward, "on the dulcet strains of a flute."  
The gods and goddesses exchanged glances.  
"On a toot," they exclaimed, as with one voice.



### MEDICAL TREATMENT ON TRIAL

To Any Reliable Man.

Marvellous appliance and one month's treatment of rare power will be sent on trial, without any advance payment, to the recipient of this advertisement. The time of this offer is limited. No. 10, C. C. & Co., 100 N. 1st St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## RIO GRANDE & SANTA FE AND DENVER & RIO GRANDE R. R.

The Scenic Route of the World.

DATE	BOUND	WEST BOUND
10:30 a. m.	...Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ...	...4:30 p. m.
12:30 p. m.	...Lv. Espanola, Ar. ...	...3:30 p. m.
1:30 p. m.	...Lv. Embudo, Ar. ...	...2:30 p. m.
2:30 p. m.	...Lv. Baragona, Ar. ...	...1:30 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	...Lv. Tres Piedras, Ar. ...	...12:30 p. m.
4:30 p. m.	...Lv. Antonito, Ar. ...	...11:30 a. m.
5:30 p. m.	...Lv. Alamosa, Ar. ...	...10:30 a. m.
6:30 p. m.	...Lv. Salida, Ar. ...	...9:30 a. m.
7:30 p. m.	...Lv. Florence, Ar. ...	...8:30 a. m.
8:30 p. m.	...Lv. Pueblo, Ar. ...	...7:30 a. m.
9:30 p. m.	...Lv. Colorado Springs, Ar. ...	...6:30 a. m.
10:30 p. m.	...Lv. Denver, Ar. ...	...5:30 a. m.

Connections with the main line and branches as follows:  
At Antonito for Durango, Silverton and all points in the San Juan country.  
At Alamosa for Jimtown, Creede, Del Norte, Monte Vista and all points in the San Luis valley.  
At Salida with main line for all points east and west, including Leadville.  
At Florence with F. & C. C. R. R. for the gold camps of Cripple Creek and Victor.  
At Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver with all Missouri river lines for all points east.  
Through passengers from Santa Fe will have reserved berths in sleeper from Alamosa if desired.  
For further information address the undersigned.  
T. J. HELM, General Agent, Santa Fe, N. M.  
S. K. HOOPER, A. P. A., Denver, Colo.

Connections with the main line and branches as follows:  
At Antonito for Durango, Silverton and all points in the San Juan country.  
At Alamosa for Jimtown, Creede, Del Norte, Monte Vista and all points in the San Luis valley.  
At Salida with main line for all points east and west, including Leadville.  
At Florence with F. & C. C. R. R. for the gold camps of Cripple Creek and Victor.  
At Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver with all Missouri river lines for all points east.  
Through passengers from Santa Fe will have reserved berths in sleeper from Alamosa if desired.  
For further information address the undersigned.  
T. J. HELM, General Agent, Santa Fe, N. M.  
S. K. HOOPER, A. P. A., Denver, Colo.

## TO REACH THE Red River Country

TAKE THE HANKINS' STAGE FROM SPRINGER.

Stages leave Springer every morning except Sunday, and arrive in Elizabethtown the same evening. Every attention given to the comfort of passengers. For rates address H. H. HANKINS, Cimarron, N. M.

## Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Dudrow & Davis has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Frank S. Davis retiring. The business will be continued by Charles W. Dudrow, who will pay all outstanding claims against the old firm, and will collect all moneys due. CHARLES W. DUDROW. FRANK S. DAVIS.

Santa Fe, N. M., December 28, 1897.

## A FAVORITE POEM.

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  
Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.  
The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdied the sparkling waves in glee.  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company.  
I gazed and gazed, but little thought  
What wealth that show to me had brought.  
For often when my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills  
And dances with the daffodils.  
—Wordsworth.

## A CHANGED DEVIL.

Babe Espinosa was the only daughter of Gavina Espinosa, whose wife the saints had called early, and her place had been supplied by a woman whom Babe had been taught to call Aunt Tinto. The Espinosas kept a small Mexican restaurant on Santa Lucia street, where tortillas, enchiladas, tamales, red wine and other hot stuffs were attracted. Babe had been brought up in the restaurant and in the street—in the gutter, if that was out of Aunt Tinto's way—though she had a faint remembrance of a yard around an old adobe, where there were myrtle with big blue blossoms and broken borders of gaudy flowers, and thinking of the adobe she thought of the myrtle, and thinking of the myrtle she saw it on a grave in a place where there were many thin, wooden crosses, some of them always leaning over with a promise to join those that had lain down like the sleepers. She had been christened Maria, but after some years and some slips she had repudiated the name as too common-place for her and had assumed the name of her innocence because of the travesty it was. "Marias are thicker than virgins," said Babe, where her followers laughed. These were all young men. Women did not like Babe and she did not like women.

Babe was wiry, square-shouldered and slim waisted. She attracted attention wherever she went. Everything she did was done with this in the vista, and she would have succeeded had she only posed as propriety. The conformation of her supraorbital region caused the other Marias to accuse her of the evil eye. Her hair, worn old style, parted in the middle and carried down over her ears, was black and only less coarse than the mane of a mustang, and her hair and eyes would have been observed in any aggregation.

Babe had a familiar, one Vico Rotzanti, the hunchback of the Pocket. The Pocket was a haunt of ill repute, a cluster of old, low tenements in the center of a block where there were houses facing the sidewalk in the regulation civic way. Vico was tall for a hunchback, owing to his very long legs. Babe was so strong that she could put a hand under either bump and lift Vico about, while his long legs dangled like a rag doll's.

Through all the streets and alleys of the town the odd looking pair went at will and at all hours. "The devil and the devil's own," Babe said of them, and the Marias said, spite of her sex, the devil was Babe.

Often they passed old Mateo Tiveros and his tamale stand. Sometimes they flouted the old man. Sometimes they wheeled him out of a tamale by promises of sweet yerba santa, sometimes secured it by mere bold banter, but one night late, when there was no moon and old Mateo's red lantern, low and smoky, cast a light that would hardly have done for a photographer's darkroom and Babe and Vico were bold with bad wine, a whim struck Babe to upset old Mateo and his outfit.

A whisper to Vico won him to the scheme, and in a few twinkles the lantern oil had spread itself a la mayonaisse upon the outer husks of the few tamales remaining in the steamer. To Babe's surprise Vico lay in the mayonaisse, and she found the night air cool upon her spine, for old Mateo had disposed of Vico with a single left hander and with a stroke of a sharp knife had ripped Babe's clothing from neck to waist. Babe wet her dress skirt at the fountain, tore off Vico's collar, opened his shirt and mopped his face, neck and breast till consciousness returned. Then she took off his coat, threw it around her shoulders, buttoned one button, got Vico on his feet and half led, half carried him home and put him to bed.

She thought of smelling salts for Vico and began to rummage for a green bottle with an ornate top that had once held some. Not finding it in one place, she looked in another, when, feeling something unusual in the old zinc trunk, she drew it forth and shuddered till the split clothing slipped down on her tawny shoulders as she saw a wooden cross with an ivory figure in fixed contortion upon it. Then she remembered that once upon a time she had stood by an old chest when her father found the crucifix, and he, too, had trembled.

"Who is it?" she had asked.  
"One Jesus," her father had said.  
"He was your grandmother's. He is a dead man, and the dead are as earth and air and water. I will have nothing of this Jesus."  
He threw the Jesus in the strong box, then heaped clothing upon it and jumped in and stamped upon it.  
Why had he not thrown it away?  
Another day she had meant to do so, for she smothered when she thought of that yellow, hurt looking man, bleeding and nailed and trampled under the clothing in the tight box. She had gone with creeping flesh and got him out.  
Why had she not thrown him away?  
Why had she forgotten him? Strange it seemed to her, that moan of Vico's at that moment, "Jesus, mercy—my Jesus, mercy—my poor head."

Her grandmother had kept Jesus by her. Had he done something for her? Would he do something for Vico? She could not bear to look at him even in the dim light, but she laid him on Vico's breast, and took Vico's hands and put them upon him.

Babe could not breathe. Her face burned. Her bare breast burned. She felt her way to the back porch, heavily overhung by flowering bean and balsam vines, but the night air did not cool her, though her clothing had slipped off her arms and fallen down from her belt, and her wet skirts clung to her limbs.

Her father sat there in a low, wide rocker—her father, stupid with heavy food and sour wine—and another form was coming up the black adobe walk. It was not Vico, only her shadow no cloud, yet Babe knew not what else to call it, and it came to the railing and stood without and spoke to him, her father, "The step is falling, husband, and the porch is falling with the thick vine, and my child is falling."

"What business is it of yours?" replied Gavina Espinosa with sullen bravado. Then he burst out wrathfully: "By God, in the course of nature you have no right to be here. You are dead and useless."

"Dead? I am not dead," said the mist. "Death frees us. Death rests us. Death soothes pain, but I am bond and weary and I suffer."

"Anyhow, your grave is over there, flat under the myrtle," said the mist. "Ah," said the mist, "I did not know what I now perceive. I am dead, praised be God, and he is God, and now that you have cast me out and told me there is no bond between you and me I am indeed free and my grave is over there, but not flat under the myrtle. Don't you remember I asked you not to put it down? And it has never fallen. Lift the myrtle and you will see. I go to my grave. The earth is calm and soft and kindly. Nature has made it so. Tell my daughter that I went to my grave."

In the gray of morning Babe came to herself in the old porch. She looked for her father. He was not there, neither was the wide rocker. Had they really been there? Babe lay and thought. When she got up, she was a changed woman.

She bathed Vico's face and hands. He could not rise. She brought breakfast for him and served it with the only pure womanly tenderness that had ever been spontaneous with her. Vico ate and afterward slept. She mothered him all day. He did not understand Babe's new whim. Late in the afternoon he rose and dressed, wondering what her evening mood would be.

She would not let him go till he had eaten food brought with her new grace. They ate together, and when he felt new again and wholly well fed and comfortable he put his arms around Babe and kissed her. She put her arms around him and kissed him, too, as a good woman might have done.

"I am going to be good, Vico," she said. Vico had felt her strength when she was bad to him, and he was not ill pleased. "Let's both be good, Vico," she went on. "Let's go to the priest and be married."

Vico was so much astounded that he took her arms from around him. He looked at her. Yes, she meant it. Vico was as much an inheritance as any one of his traits. He was the product of an ancestry of innocent men.

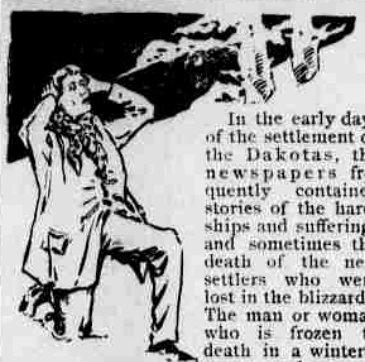
Vico laughed. That the accustomed anger did not blaze from her eyes made him laugh consumedly, and when a tear stole down her cheek the situation became amusing beyond all things.

Vico laughed. The echoes of his evil mirth came back to the grieving woman as he went down the street to tell his boggy companions of Babe's latest madness.

How Vico laughed!—A. Kalfus Speero in Argonaut.

**A Vanishing Type.**  
Only lately have Philadelphians begun to realize and reflect upon the disappearance of the Quakers as we knew them; only lately has it been brought home to us that a gradual obliteration of the old uncompromising orthodoxy has set in which means the ultimate absorption of the sect. Even now, rare as is the old, gentle in the streets where it was such a common sight not so many years ago, the assertion that the society is diminishing would meet with doubt and hesitation. We are so familiar with the Quaker, he is so necessary and potent a type in Philadelphia, that we would not accept the warrant even of statistics, yet, now that the visible limit has been reached, what can we do but awake to the change? We see few broad brimmed hats and drab bonnets where we once saw many. Of those who wear them, the most are old and trembling.

If there are young Quakers, how are we to recognize them? Not by their dress, at any rate, except in so far as plainness of taste and sobriety of color still rule the taste of Friends, whether wealthy or in moderate circumstances. The distinctive costume is being laid aside, with many of the distinctive customs. And why? Because the society is losing its control over its younger members? Because its rigid rules no longer suffice to hold in check the human spirit, with its unconquerable love of freedom? This is the common explanation, and the one desired by those who love romance.—Thomas Wharton in Lippincott's.



great sufferings, but they are mild compared with those daily borne by thousands of victims of that dread disease—consumption.

For centuries this relentless disease was considered incurable. It is now known to be distinctly curable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, laryngitis and diseases of the air-passages. It has stood the test for thirty years. It acts directly on the blood, nourishing it with the life-giving qualities of the food. It breaks down old, half-dead tissues and builds up new ones in all parts of the body. Through the blood it acts directly on the lungs, driving out all impurities and disease. It soothes the cough, but facilitates expectoration. It deepens the breathing, supplying the system with life-giving oxygen. It stimulates the appetite, facilitates the flow of digestive juices, invigorates the liver and tones and builds up the nerves. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It does not make fatty flesh like cod liver oil, but firm, muscular, healthy tissues.

"I had been troubled with bronchitis for several years," writes Mrs. Orlin O'Hara, Box 14, Pergus Falls, Ottertail Co., Minn. "In the first place I had sore throat. I doctored with different doctors and took various medicines, but got no relief. I used from time to time a sticky substance like the white of an egg. Could not sleep, and had made up my mind that I would not live through the winter. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription' alternately, and in a few days began to see that I was better. I took eight bottles. I have not felt as well in years."

The quick constipation-cure—Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—cures all cases of constipation, biliousness, headache, griping, etc. Accept no substitutes or imitations.

**THE VILLAGE ORACLE.**  
Old Dan'l Hanks, he sez this town is jest the best one for me.  
He sez there ain't no up, nor down, That's got one-half his worth.  
He sez there ain't no other state Than jest the one I'm in now.  
And all the folks that's got or great Is settled right round here.  
Ses I, "D'jer ever travel, Dan?"  
"You bet I hain't," sez he.  
"I tell you what, the place I've got Is good enough for me."

He sez the other party's fools, 'Cause they don't vote his way.  
He sez the 'foolish minded schools' Is where they ought to stay.  
If he was law, their mouths he'd shut, Or blow 'em all to smash.  
He sez their platform's nothin but A great big mess of trash.  
Ses I, "D'jer ever read it, Dan?"  
"You bet I hain't," sez he.  
"And when I do—well, I tell you, I'll let you know, by gee!"

He sez that all religion's wrong 'Cept jest what he believes.  
He sez them ministers belong In jail, the same as thieves.  
He sez they take the blessed word And tear it all to shreds.  
He sez their preachin's jest absurd; They're simply leather heads.  
Ses I, "D'jer ever hear em, Dan?"  
"You bet I hain't," sez he.  
"I wouldn't go to hear 'em, not They make me sick to see."

Some fellers reckon, more or less, Before they speak their mind, And sometimes calkulate or guess, But them hain't Dan's kind.  
The Lord knows all things, great or small, With doubt he's never vexed.  
He, in his wisdom, knows it all, But Dan'l Hanks comes next.  
Ses I, "D'jer ever know yer right?"  
"How do I know?" sez he.  
"Well, now, I vum! I know, by gum, I'm right, because I be!"  
—Joe Lincoln in L. A. W. Bulletin.

**Reflections of a Bachelor.**  
The old maid's Cupid carries a club. Sin causes most as much unhappiness as old buckwheat cakes.  
It is too bad folks can't get vaccinated for love the way they do for smallpox. Adam was afraid to sit under his general-almond tree for fear the monkeys would throw things down at him.  
No girl's skirt hangs near so nice behind as she thinks it does when she looks sideways at it in the shop windows.  
Just before a girl takes off her hat in the theater she turns around to see what sort of a looking man is sitting right behind her.

A woman's ideal of married life is generally an old couple in their dotage that sit around at meals squeezing each other's hands under the table.—New York Press.

**How He Gets Even.**  
"I should er got dat postoffice," said the colored politician, "but dey gin it ter a white man, after all. But, bless God, I got my revenge."  
"Yes. I makes dat white man wait on me fy roun same's ef I had him hired. I goes in dar 'bout ten times a day, throw down a dollar en holler out, 'Gimme a I cent stamp heah, durn quick!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Mr. Asbury Peppers.**  
"Well!" exclaimed the red nosed boarder. "I see the police have discovered a lottery being run in one of the Chinese laundries."  
"Must have been an artistic affair," commented Asbury Peppers.  
"Eh?"  
"Sort of wash drawing, so to speak."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Reindeer For the Klondike.**  
A Finnish gentleman told the Canadian deputy minister of the interior a few days ago that he proposed to make arrangements for shipping reindeer from Finland for use in the Yukon country. His opinion is that they will be of great advantage for travel in the northland, as they can subsist on mosses and can travel with ease as much as 100 miles in a day. During the past year Mr. Dalton took in cattle to the Klondike by the Chilkat route, and on 125 head cleared \$90,000. The cattle gained 9,000 pounds on the trip up the grass being principally bunch grass and very succulent.

**Caught a Dove With a Whiplash.**  
While Isaiah King was driving in Butte, Mon., recently his whiplash caught a dove around one of its wings, and the fluttering bird then caused the lash to curl around the driver's neck. It was necessary to cut the lash in order to clear the dove, which was taken some a captive.—Butte Times.

**Proned to Doubt.**  
"Women are naturally incredulous," remarked the whist player.  
"That's contrary to the common impression."  
"I don't care; it's true. You never can make one believe you the first time you tell her what are trumps."

## Pecos Valley Railway

Time card in effect January 31, 1897. (Central Time) Leaves Pecos, Tex., daily at 3:40 a. m., arriving at Roswell, N. M., at 12:30 p. m. Leave Roswell daily at 12:30 p. m., arriving at Pecos at 10:05 p. m., connecting with the Texas & Pacific Ry., for all points north, south, east and west.

Stages for Lincoln, White Oaks and Nogal leave Roswell on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 a. m.

For low rates and information regarding the resources of this valley, and the price of lands, or any other matters of interest to the public, apply to

**E. O. FAULKNER,**  
Receiver and General Manager  
Eddy, N. M.

## PLEADINGS AND PRACTICE

(Forms to conform to Code)  
Part 1. Ordinary Proceedings in Courts of Record, Part 2. Attachment, Certiorari, Garnishment, Habeas Corpus, Injunction, Mandamus, Mechanic's Lien, Prohibition, Quo Warranto and Replevin, Part 3. Miscellaneous, Covering Advertisements, Affidavits, Arbitrations, Assignments, Depositions, Naturalizations, etc., etc. Bound in full law sheep. Delivered at any postoffice in New Mexico upon receipt of publisher's price \$3.00. Purchaser's name printed on the book free of cost. Address New Mexican Printing Company, Santa Fe, N. M.

## Wabash Line

TO ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON.

Free Reclining Cars, Pullmans, Dinners, Boudoir Coaches.

Saves 4 Hours Denver to New York. One Change of Cars.

**C. K. HAMPSON,**  
Commercial Agent,  
Denver, Colo.

## Illustrated Special Edition New Mexican

Can be had by applying at this office. It is full of matter describing the mineral, agricultural, horticultural and all the varied resources of New Mexico. Just the thing to send any one inquiring about or interested in the territory. Price 10 cents, wrapped and mailed for 11 cents.

**WHILE HE WAITED.**  
The Farmer, the Modern Cobbler and the Wonderful Machine.

BOOTS, SUELED & HEELED WHILE U WAIT

Farmer Hagcorn—Hev, giv' 'em, jes' sole an heel my boots while I wait, will yer?

Modern Cobbler—Bet your life, sir Slip into it, Johnny.

BOOTS, SUELED & HEELED WHILE U WAIT

"You won't even have to take them off."

BOOTS, SUELED & HEELED WHILE U WAIT

"Half a dollar. Thanks."—Comico Onks.

## The ... MAXWELL LAND GRANT,

Situated in New Mexico and Colorado, On the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf

1,500,000 Acres of Land for Sale.

FARMING LANDS UNDER IRRIGATION SYSTEM.

In tracts 30 acres and upward, with perpetual water rights—cheap and on easy terms of 10 annual payments with 7 per cent interest—Alfalfa, Grain and Fruit of all kinds grow to perfection.

CHOICE PRAIRIE OR MOUNTAIN GRAZING LANDS.

Well watered and with good shelter, interspersed with fine ranches suitable for raising grain and fruits—in size of tracts to suit purchasers.

LARGER PASTURES FOR LEASE, for long terms of years, fenced or unfenced; shipping facilities over two railroads.

## GOLD MINES.

On this Grant near its western boundary are situated the famous Gold Mining Districts of Elizabethtown and Baldy, where mines have been successfully operated for 25 years, and new rich discoveries were made in 1895 in the vicinity of the new camps of Hematite and Hards Bluff as rich as any camp in Colorado, but with lots of as yet unlocated ground open to prospectors on terms similar to, and as favorable as, the United States Government Laws and Regulation.

Stage leaves every morning, except Sundays, from Springer for these camps.

TITLE perfect, founded on United States Patent and confirmed by decision of the U. S. Supreme Court.

For further particulars and pamphlets apply to

**THE MAXWELL LAND GRANT CO.**  
Raton, New Mexico

## Announcement!

The New Mexican Printing Company desires to state that it is making a specialty of its celebrated FREY'S PATENT FLAT OPENING BLANK BOOK. Rule them to order. Can give you the finest kind of binding, both for durability and finish, and it is the sole makers.



## JOB WORK

Of all kinds done with neatness and despatch. Carry a large and complete line of commercial stationery consisting of wedding cards, business cards, programs, etc.

## BOOK WORK

This is the best equipped establishment in the whole southwest for this line of work, and our unequalled facilities enable us to turn out work at the lowest possible figures.

## LEGAL BLANKS

Carry a full and complete line of all Legal Blank, including those required by the Brand Law enacted by the last legislature.

## NEW MEXICAN PRINTING COMPANY